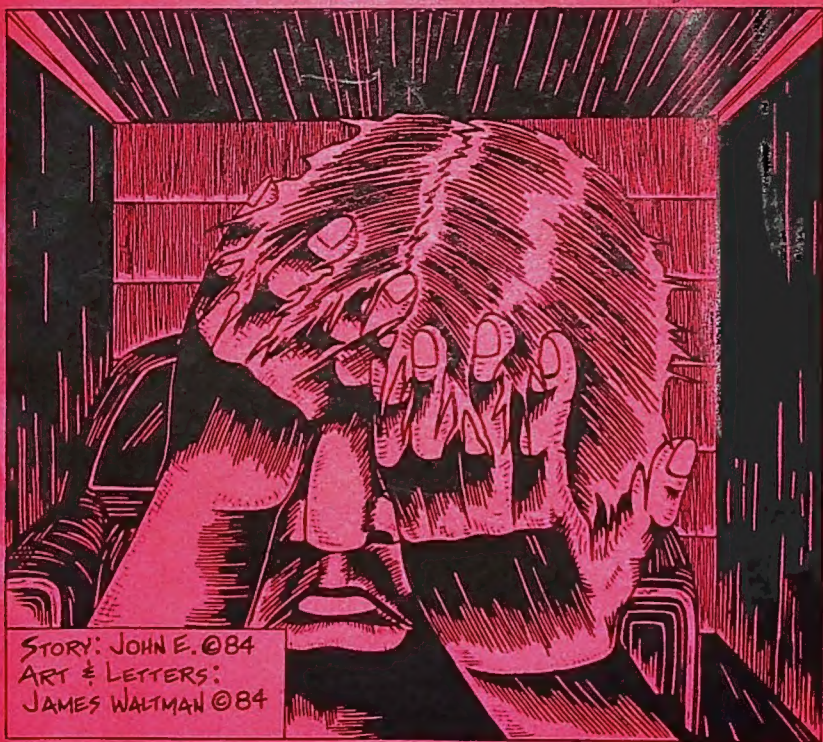


YOU SMELL LIKE BLOOD



STORY: JOHN E. ©84
ART & LETTERS:
JAMES WALTMAN ©84

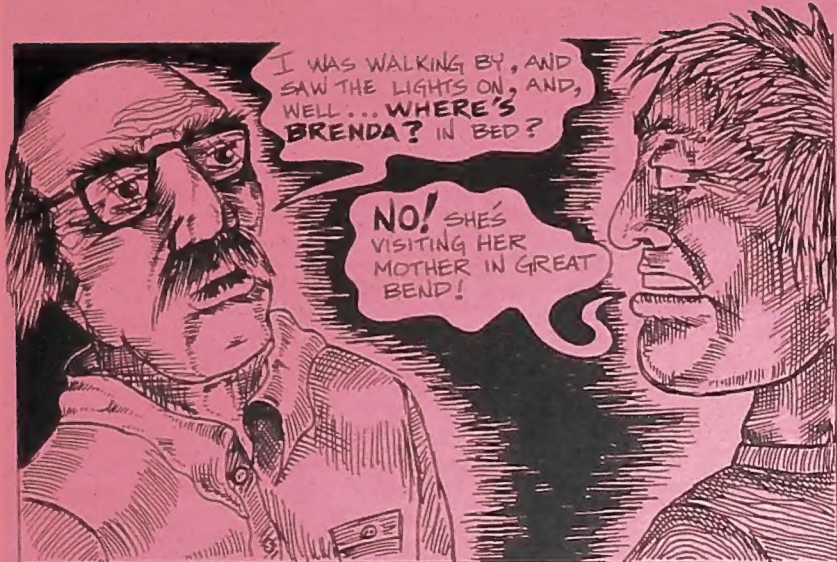
RED CAME UP FROM
THE GARAGE AND...

WALKED INTO THE
KITCHEN WHEN HE HEARD
A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

WHO IN THE HELL
... AT THIS HOUR?







I WAS WALKING BY, AND
SAW THE LIGHTS ON, AND,
WELL... WHERE'S
BRENDA? IN BED?

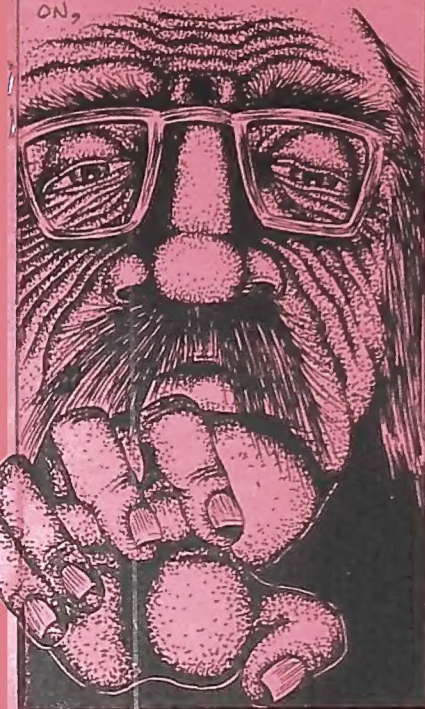
NO! SHE'S
VISITING HER
MOTHER IN GREAT
BEND!

THE HELL YOU
SAY!

WHY SHE JUST CALLED ME THIS AFTERNOON ABOUT
A LEAKY FAUCET IN THE KITCHEN.

DAMN, WHAT'S THAT ODOR?
KINDA FAINT, BUT STRONG
TOO!

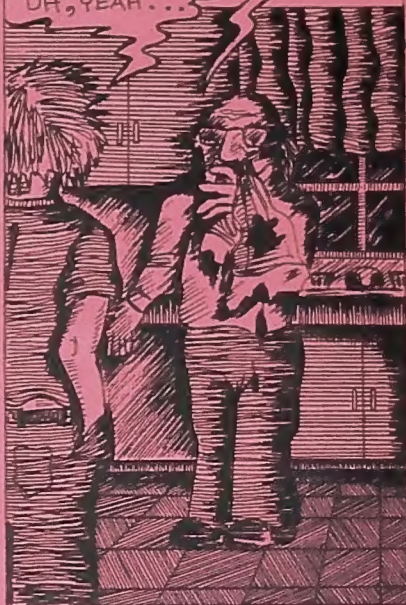
WE PICKED UP THE TOWEL
RED HAD WIPED HIS HANDS
ON,



AND SNIFFED IT...

HMMN... DAMP TOO...
YOU JUST USE THIS?

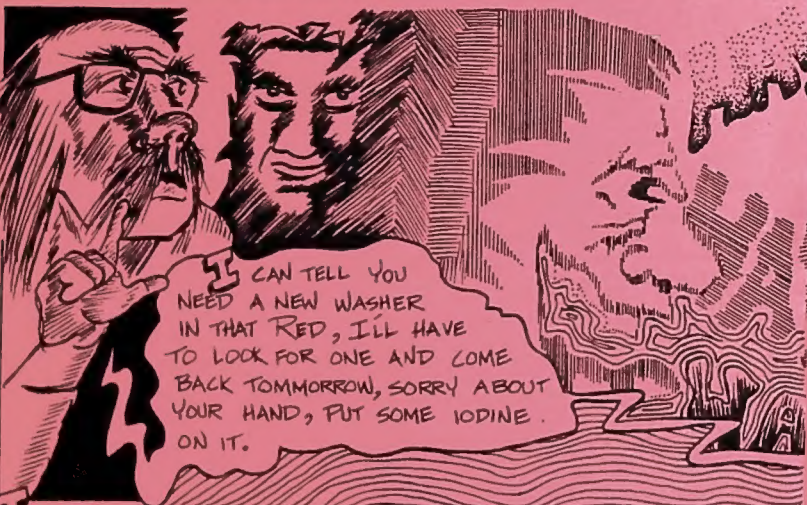
UH, YEAH...



WELL, SHIT, SON... CUT
YOURSELF ON SOMETHIN'?

YOU SMELL
LIKE BLOOD



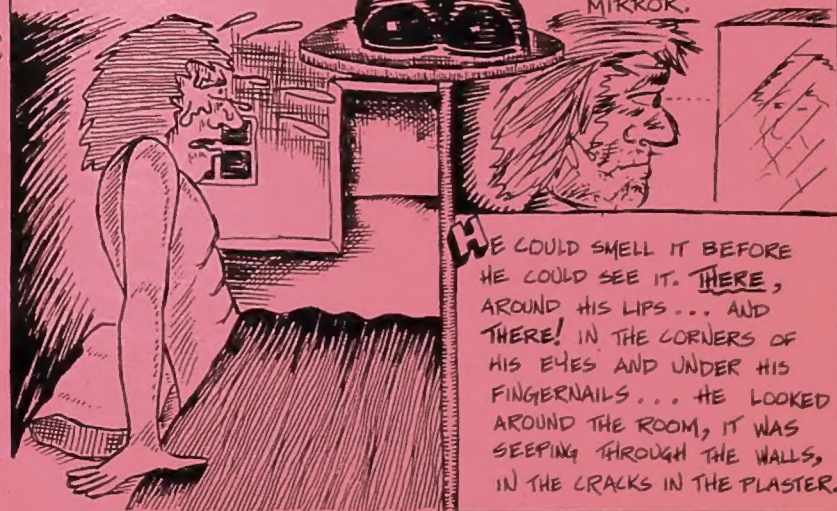


RED DRIFTED OFF TO SLEEP... IN HIS DREAMS, FACES KEPT POPPING UP SAYING THE SAME THING, AGAIN AND AGAIN:



RED WOKE UP SUDDENLY, COVERED IN... SWEAT, HIS BREATH CAME FAST AND SHORT.

HE BOLTED TO THE BATHROOM, TURNED ON THE LIGHT, AND LOOKED IN THE MIRROR.



HE COULD SMELL IT BEFORE HE COULD SEE IT. THERE, AROUND HIS LIPS... AND THERE! IN THE CORNERS OF HIS EYES AND UNDER HIS FINGERNAILS... HE LOOKED AROUND THE ROOM, IT WAS SEEPING THROUGH THE WALLS, IN THE CRACKS IN THE PLASTER.

H E RAN AROUND HIS APARTMENT, IT WAS IN EVERY ROOM, COMING DOWN THE WALLS, DRIPPING OFF THE CEILINGS, AND ALL OVER HIM BY NOW.



H E GRABBED THE SLIPPERY PHONE AND DIALED WITH ONE SHAKEY, CRIMSON FINGER...



H ELLO, POLICE? I KNOW YOU CAN SMELL IT. IT'S EVERYWHERE. I KILLED HER, SHE'S BURIED IN THE PARK BY THE FOUNTAIN. YES. FRESH FLOWER BED. DISMEMBERED. ALL THE WAY AROUND THE FOUNTAIN, WHO? HA HA HA HA HA! WHY, MY WIFE OF COURSE. BLOOD, BLOOD EVERYWHERE! CAN'T YOU SMELL IT?

